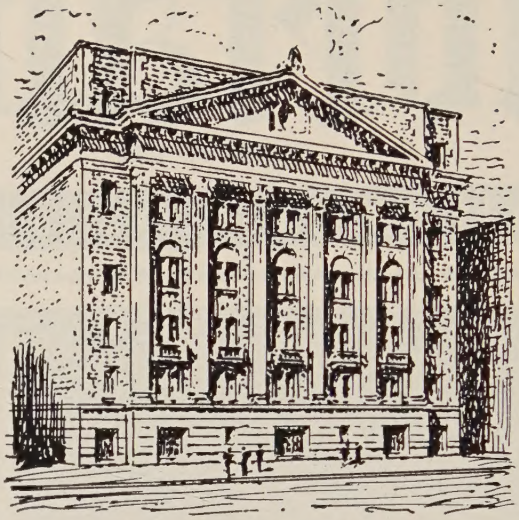
The Liberalist

VOLUME XXXV OCTOBER, 1958 Number 7

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

From John Keats' "To Autumn"

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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New Wealth For You—$1.00

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Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

THERE is an old familiar expression which you have heard many times: "The best part of going away is coming home." I have demonstrated this many times. As I sit at my Study desk here in Chicago and write these words I have a feeling of gratitude almost too deep for utterance. I am grateful that in the nearly 15,000 miles we have travelled since June 9th there has not been one moment of illness or discomfort; that no accident of any kind marred our pleasure; and that although undoubtedly on sea and land we were in danger, the divine Love hovered near and we came through without any uncomfortable accident or experience.

My first words in the column this month are to be words of gratitude that we are home and have picked up the responsibilities of our work where we left them. First of all I am expressing gratitude to those who were so kind in sending us steamer letters and telegrams and good-will messages on our outward voyage. One of the first things we do on shipboard after sailing is to open all our mail and read all the messages. Your thoughtfulness here inspired us deeply, and we are grateful. Now we are home, and next Sunday I shall be back in the pulpit which I love so deeply and which I have served so long.

* * *

When one is far away from the familiar environments of life, one of the most enjoyable experiences is to meet people from home. Everywhere we went we were delightfully surprised by meeting people from Chicago and some from our own church. One of the most unusual experiences in this regard which we had all summer we had in Belfast, Ireland. I had a busy week in Ireland, preaching twice on Sunday and making some trips out into the island and along the Antrim Coast. I went in quite early to breakfast one morning in the dining room of the Grand Central Hotel, where I always stay in Belfast and, as the waiter escorted me to a seat I heard someone shout with a vociferousness which filled the dining room, "Oh, Dr. Bradley; oh, Dr. Bradley!" I turned around and there, having their breakfast, was Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Roberts and their lovely daughter, Bonnie. I had not known they were in Ireland or even that they were coming to Europe. They knew that I was somewhere around but had not been in touch with me. For a moment I was quite overcome, for Mrs. Roberts' father and mother will be remembered by many in our church. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Gairing, who were charter members of our church. Mr. Gairing was a member of our Board of Trustees until his death, and Mrs. Gairing was active in the work of the Woman's Club.

I have known Virginia (Mrs. Roberts) since she was a baby and it was like meeting members of my own family to see them. Mr. Roberts and Bonnie are both members of our choir. We had breakfast together and lived over again some of the experiences which we have shared down the years. Unfortunately, and like so many traveling Americans, their time was heavily scheduled, they could not remain over Sunday in Belfast, and the only opportunity I had with them was at the breakfast table. This incident has a se-

quel, for when I was preaching in Bath, in England, June and I walked down from the hotel where we were staying in Bath, to the ancient church which I told you about in last month's Liberalist, and the minister, the Reverend Mr. Spencer handed me a note which had been left at the church, informing me that Mr. and Mrs. Roberts and their daughter had visited the church and regretted that they could not remain for the services Sunday. I expect to see them all at the opening service next Sunday and to hear from them more about their experiences abroad.

* * *

Sometimes I think, after one has visited all of the historic buildings, art galleries, educational institutions, ancient churches, the meeting with people is the most valuable experience of travel. I do not mean famous people nor important people in the usually accepted sense of that word, but I do mean people;—people who are meeting the opportunities and responsibilities of life from day to day in their environment—people with disappointments and heartaches, unfulfilled dreams and shattered ideals—all that goes to make up the intimate challenge of life. Those are the people who really matter and they are the people I love to meet. I try to make some sort of contact with the people around me as I travel,—the taxi drivers, the waiters, the companions in travel. I find in this way I get a more accurate picture of what is happening and of what people are thinking than I do from following the usual paths of the tourist. Some of the most interesting and valuable friendships we have abroad are the friendships of people in this category. From them we learn the true spirit and the true character of a country.

One of the dearest friends I ever had was the Reverend Herbert Barnes, who had such a distinguished and influential ministry in the church of the Divine Unity in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in England. We visited him every year and his church. There was never any man I have known quite like him. Since his death a few years ago we have kept up our friendship with the members of his family. I was unable to give the Newcastle-upon-Tyne church a Sunday this year, but we did have a reunion dinner at the station hotel with the members of his family. I knew them all when they were very young—two sons and a daughter. Now they have grown into adulthood, with families of their own.

Unfortunately when we were there this year, Mr. and Mrs. Abner Barnes were on holiday in Southern England and we did not see them, but with Dr. and Mrs. Henry Barnes and Mary, the daughter, we spent a delightful evening of reminiscing and of fellowship. Dr. Barnes is one of the well-known surgeons of the area and we had the joy of being a guest in their lovely home which overlooks the North Sea. Their mother, Mrs. Herbert Barnes, was from the Isle of Man. Many years ago I was a guest in their home, when the children were young. Is there any greater happiness in this world for parents, after love and affection and opportunity have been given their children, than to see those children grow into manhood and womanhood, a distinction and an honor to the name of their parents.

It is inconceivable to me that there is any greater happiness than the happiness in the hearts of parents who see their children grow up to be good men and good women; and, conversely, is there any tragedy more heart-rending than to have children bring sorrow, tragedy and heartache to their

parents. During these years of a busy pastorate I have seen examples of both these situations. The family of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Barnes are a credit to their father and mother. Abner is a successful attorney, Henry a successful physician, and Mary a beautiful wife and companion.

I shall never go to England that I do not go to Newcastle-upon-Tyne. It is a city not frequently visited by Americans. It is in the extreme north of England in Northumberland, quite close to the Scottish border, but it has a great university and is a great industrial center. The whole Tyneside is vital to the economy of Great Britain; and up the Tyne, as you get into Northumberland, is some of the most beautiful scenery in all England. Exposed and in a state of fine preservation is a part of the ancient Roman wall, probably the finest example in all England. One stands, as we did recently, by the side of those historic stones, and 2,000 years of history unfold.

Last year we took a little ship from Newcastle-upon-Tyne to Bergen, Norway, and I can recapture at will our emotions as we sailed down the Tyne, out into the restless North Sea.

My only regret when I renew from year to year the friendships which we have in Britain is that I cannot bring them all to America, for not a single one of our friends but expresses the desire to visit this country. How happy we would be to have them in our home in Chicago and respond to the kindness and hospitality which they lavish upon us everywhere we go.

These returning Americans who jump about Europe and stay a few hours or a couple of days here and there in a hectic program of incessant travel, and who come back to America saying "They don't like us in Europe" or "the English hate us," or the Welsh or the Scotch, cause me to wonder whom they saw in their travels and with whom they spoke. I never met one person on the other side this year in a discussion of my country or her policies who had a severe critical point of view. Some of our foreign policy they couldn't understand and neither can I, but as far as their making a blanket statement that they do not like us, I have every reason to deny it. You remember what Socrates replied to Plato when Plato said to Socrates: "That man has just returned from a trip around the Mediterranean, but he doesn't seem to have learned anything." And Socrates replied: "How could he? He took himself along." The reason a lot of travelers do not get a true perspective or do not have an accurate appraisal of other nations is because "they take themselves along." They see and hear everything through their own prejudices and predispositions, which always create faulty judgment and distorted points of view.

Honest, constructive and creative criticism is always effectual, but generalities and emotionally construed superficial opinions and judgments are always hazardous and dangerous. I can testify after crossing the mighty Atlantic many times, that I have never had anything but kindness and graciousness extended to me everywhere I have gone. Policemen, taxicab drivers, newsboys, chauffeurs, waiters,—never once have they embarrassed me because I am an American.

Again I say, if people could only get to know people, we would create a different mood in which to solve our difficult, complicated problems of international relations. If we depend solely upon diplomats for the creation of this environment we will be increasingly disappointed. The accomplishment must be in the area of common

humanity. If it doesn't exist there it cannot be created or imposed from the top. Democracy throughout its nearly 2,600 years of struggle has never yet been preserved from the top down—always from the bottom up. The more we can raise the cultural and spiritual level of our common humanity the sooner we will produce the atmosphere for the solution of the problems of relationships. I think this observation is affirmed on every page of the history of mankind; and travelers who only follow the conventional tourist route and see the things which one is supposed to see come back with a myopic viewpoint; but when you get to know people and get into the hearts of people you begin to find the common denominator of humanity. Every Sunday I faced congregations in Ireland and England and Wales who were just like our own people; and I always return feeling that while I am a citizen of the country I love, and believe in the high destiny of that country, I could easily share common citizenship with the people whom I have met, known and loved across the Atlantic.

I was traveling one time from Cologne in Germany to Zurich, Switzerland. Sharing the compartment with me was an American, and I am happy to say he was not typical. He was boasting of the United States' superiority over every other country in the world, was somewhat obnoxious and not a little irritating. I was not a part of the conversation but there were three other gentlemen in the compartment, two of whom I took to be British and one German. He closed his conversation by saying, "I'll tell you, America is God's country." Then he turned to me and, noticing that I was an American, said, "You are an American?" I replied "Yes, sir." "Don't you believe America is God's country," he asked. "I certainly do," I said, "but the difference, sir, between you and me is that I do not believe it is God's only country." To me that is true, and if we Americans could think of our country as God's country but not God's only country, this intangible attitude which we call patriotism would take on an enlarged area of influence and much greater importance than "the chip on the shoulder" attitude of many Americans abroad.

* * *

Our trip home on the MS "Britannic" was a most pleasant and interesting one. I renewed my friendship with the Captain, with whom I sailed earlier in the summer—a congenial, interesting and efficient seaman. We were equally fortunate in our table companions. They were Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Robinson, Mrs. C. O. Sellman, Mr. Joseph S. Bookwalter and Mr. H. S. Williams, the Chief Engineer.

When you eat with the same people three times a day for eight days and meet them many times a day on deck, you form through the association friendships which grow increasingly significant. I am in touch once or twice a year with many people whom I never see otherwise, but with whom I have shared the life of an Atlantic ship. They are scattered all over the world. Most of them I shall never see again. Many of them read our Liberalist. Many of the ship's personnel whom we have met at sea are dear friends today. The fact of the matter is that when you have analyzed this business of living, the friendships one has made along the way constitute one of the finest compensations of life.

We are fortunate in our friends and that friendship stands unbroken and undisturbed over more than 4,000 miles of earth and water. True friendship doesn't demand proximity. True friend-

ship is not affected by the barriers of time or space. If it is it lacks the constituency of a lasting and enduring quality. If friendship endures, that fact establishes its rightness. Friendships which smash under the experiences of life are friendships which could not qualify or meet the demands which true friendship entails.

The homeward voyage was made in rather quiet waters. There was a limited amount of sunshine and some rain, but I have noticed that coming home on ship, in every voyage I have made, there is a different attitude of the people than on the outward voyage. Their journey is nearly over; they have seen sights, some of which they dreamed of seeing for a lifetime. They had experiences which they had anticipated for the same length of time, and the home voyage is almost anticlimactic. There is always a let-down of the people. Most of them are tired and some of them are treading close to being financially embarrassed. Consequently there is not as much social life and the ship is always quieter; the people are much more serious and the conversations are largely a discussion of what they have seen and of their experiences. There is a certain amount of elation as one stands, as we did in the early morning light of dawn and sees the Ambrose lightship materialize out of the New York haze, which means home and work and opportunity. I shall from time to time during the Winter months speak of experiences and specific reactions which I received this summer.

* * *

In another section of this Liberalist which you are now reading is a letter from the Reverend Dr. Leslie Pennington, Minister of the First Unitarian Church of Chicago, which I hope you will read. My heart was quickened when I read it. I am very grateful for the co-operation, the interest and the support which the people of our church and of our Woman's Club evidenced at the meeting of the International Congress of Religious Freedom held here at the University of Chicago in August. Their efforts, in the extreme heat which prevailed here at the time, were greatly appreciated by the delegates who were present from twenty countries of the world. I was proud of every worker and express my appreciation to all who participated.

* * *

Again may I urge you to tell your friends that the broadcasting of our regular church service at 11 o'clock by WLS is a live broadcast. It will take some time to get this information out because for a year the church service was re-broadcast at 1:00 o'clock on Sunday afternoons. This year the live broadcast is at 11 o'clock. WLS is one of the major stations of this country and we hope we will have a most successful year of broadcasting. It will be our 35th year of continued broadcasting, giving our broadcast the distinguished position of being the oldest continuous broadcast in American radio. I hope that our readers in the Chicago area will give me the privilege of greeting them personally at our Sunday morning services. The full schedule of Sunday evening services, the book lectures and other activities of the church will be under way by November 1st. Let us all work as never before that in these most difficult times our church will continue to be a source of inspiration, a dynamo which generates courage and an institution in which all who honor it by becoming a part of it will increasingly meet the challenge of this tumultuous moment in history. Keep looking up!

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

DAVID Dunn, in a beautiful little book called "Try Giving Yourself Away," wrote that we seem never to learn that wherever we go we take our happiness or unhappiness with us; that we are inclined to delude ourselves into thinking we shall be happy when we arrive at a certain destination; when we can be with a certain person or in a certain place; when our schooling is finished, or when any number of other things take place. He concludes that the truth is "the only way we can *insure* our happiness is to train ourselves to be happy *in spite of,* rather than *because of,* what life does to us. When we succeed in doing this we become adult."

There is a law of harmony in the universe. What is disease? Disease. A person is not at ease when he is dis-eased. When there is a storm in your life and you cannot get a sense of perspective, sit down quietly, preferably alone, and affirm the principle of harmony for yourself. Don't become objective, or think about your trouble, whatever it is, but just quietly affirm harmony; and there will be created within your soul a strength and a power that will see you through.

In this complicated period in which we are all living, the very atmosphere is charged with frustration—an assault upon unity and harmony—discord is the theme. And what is true of the world society is true of our little individual world, the one inside us that is so important to us.

The world basically and fundamentally is constituted on the principle of harmony. Everything works in cooperation with something else. In the entire world of the physical universe every law is dovetailed into every other. That is not only true of the cosmos of which we are a part, but it is also true of your life and mine in the little orbit in which we live.

All the evil that can be designed against you, everything that can happen to you, everything that can become a part of your life, can be dissipated and eradicated by the presence of that divine harmony. That is the music of the inner life and soul of man. There is strength and beauty in it. It is strong, for beauty is power, truth has vitality; unity has power. These are the great positive, creative forces of life. How much of that harmony is in your life?

FINANCIAL REPORT OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

January 1, 1958 to September 1, 1958

FEW of our members realize the tremendous operating expenses of our church. In order to give you a picture we are publishing a complete financial report of the church from January 1, 1958 to September 1, 1958.

I hope you will read carefully this report and that it will give you an accurate picture of the operating expenses. Each item of expenditure is listed. Few people realize the financial demands which are constantly before us.

It was a fine year on income, as you will notice, but the extra expenses were tremendous. Adding to our ministerial staff, our music ministry, repairing our church ceiling and also boiler repairs absorbed an enormous amount of money. A balance sheet the first day of every month, of income and expenditure and a detailed account of expenditure is available to every person.

At considerable expense we maintained the church services during the entire summer for the first time it has been tried in the history of the church. The interest was extensive and the attendance more than we anticipated, but financially the summer services did not cover the cost. This of course is added to our budget, which we must raise.

We know you will appreciate this financial report and sincerely trust you will, by pledge and offering, help us and do your best to shoulder your share of the responsibility in maintaining our building and carrying on our work. The church was never more needed than it is today. The demands are many.

If there is any question you would like to ask concerning this report, will you kindly speak to the ministers or call the church office?

We have been decreasing our bond issue under the terms of the arrangements with the bond holders twice a year. We have only three more years of this arrangement and the bond issue will be automatically retired. The building will then be unencumbered and owned by the Peoples Church of Chicago. We are all looking forward to this and I hope every organization in the church and every member will increase their support and their co-operation for the next three years until our goal is achieved. If it is possible to wipe out the remainder of the indebtedness within the three-year period we shall do so. The sooner it is done the better it will be for us all. Everything you have done and are doing is greatly appreciated by us all. Let us all now face the winter's work with renewed vigor, co-operation and work.

Your Pastor,

Preston Bradley.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

CASH ON HAND, January 1, 1958		$ 651.44
RECEIPTS:		
Plate collections		9,868.50
Pledges		26,317.41
Liberalist		1,153.91
Seats		209.50
Radio		1,200.00
Special Donations		4,090.72
Choir		180.50
From Woman's Club		2,000.00
		$45,671.98
DISBURSEMENTS:		
Salaries and wages	$18,861.44	
Postage	825.95	
Charity	573.60	
Advertising	3,136.88	
Music	1,867.50	
Radio	1,400.00	
Cash for Bond Payments	3,500.00	
Liberalist	1,681.93	
Choir	80.85	
Mimeographing (Church Letters and Kraft)	537.10	
Building supplies (for cleaning, repairs, etc.)	379.83	
Brink's (for money collections)	143.71	
Parking lot attendant	305.00	
Oil	1,838.34	
Telephones	652.13	
Church programs	1,307.40	
Refreshments (after service)	210.86	
Elevators and Pumps, maintenance	204.40	
Office Supplies (Harrison, Kraft, Smalley)	448.43	
Peoples Gas, Light & Coke Company	91.51	
Commonwealth Edison Co.	1,059.72	
Reporting Sermons	299.00	
Decorating Church account of leak	1,707.00	
Organ Maintenance	112.50	
Washing windows	231.00	
Insurance: burglary, workmen's compensation, liability and fire	594.36	
Easter Services at Erlanger Theatre	530.00	
Sandblasting: repairing and cleaning boiler; repairing smokestack; building inspections; laundry repair, broken windows, etc.	3,054.60	
	$45,635.04	$45,635.04
CASH ON HAND September 1, 1958		$ 36.94

"COWBOYS AND SHEPHERDS"

Sermon by Dr. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
April 20, 1958

OH, the sickness and the trouble that people are in in this old world! I can't tell you how grateful I am for the opportunity which I have to try to help people in this troubled world with all their personal problems, their sickness, and their anxiety. Sometimes I feel that I haven't the ability to meet my responsibility as I would like to meet it. It's always on my heart and mind. But as I go about my work from day to day, and they are long days and busy days, the greatest compensation I receive is when someone says to me: "Well, Dr. Bradley, I just felt the world had come to an end for me, and then you said something that pulled me up and out of it and made me feel that all wasn't lost—you said a word on the radio!"

Saturday night when I got off television at 10:30 o'clock, after two weddings and two funerals and the great banquet of the Friends of Literature that was held in the Bismarck Hotel, at which every literary person in this city and every columnist in this city was present and at which, for the twenty-seventh year, I had the opportunity of presiding at the Annual Shakespeare Dinner—you know, if Shakespeare had lived until Wednesday, April 23rd, he would be three hundred and ninety-four years old, quite an old man, but he's as much alive today as he ever was and that is the significant thing about this time-space demarcation—and when I got off the air at WGN-TV at half-past ten, the telephone was ringing, and there was a broken heart on the other end of the wire passing through the agony of great trouble! And she said to me as I said: "Good night!" "You have saved my life tonight! I have a little vial of sleeping pills on my bedside stand and my whole house crashed about me today!" And when I heard the story I knew why. But she said: "I made up my mind that when I lay down in my bed I was going to take the entire contents of that vial of sleeping pills! I just couldn't stand it any longer! And then I . . . I said, well, before I do it, I'm going to listen to Dr. Bradley on WGN, and I tuned in my television set. And it seemed to me," she said, "that you were looking straight into my eyes as you said 'Keep looking up!' and that phrase stuck in my heart and I said, 'I'm going to the phone and I'm going to call him up!' You saved my life!" I don't know what that television program cost Dormeyer, who made it possible, but I know it must have cost a lot of money—it takes fourteen people to put it on the air!—but I do know this: that if it cost a million dollars, touching one life, it's worth it!

This is a long ways from my subject of "Cowboys and Shepherds," but it isn't as far as you think it is! That's a strange title, isn't it: "Cowboys and Shepherds." That's what I thought about it when I saw it over a letter in a certain department of the Christian Century magazine, written most interestingly under the nom de plume of Simeon Stylac, who happens to be a clergyman! He called his article "Cowboys and Shepherds," and that struck me right between the eyes!

Who ever heard of comparing cowboys and shepherds? And when I read the article I said: "There isn't

one sermon, there's a hundred sermons!", for that title alone suggested to me the idea which is behind this sermon this morning: "Cowboys and Shepherds." We all think we know what they both are. We know what a cowboy is. Those of you who may live in the cattle country in the Southwest, you're very familiar with the cowboy. The main business of the cowboy is to herd the cattle, brand them and turn them loose on the prairies. The cowboy is not interested in the well-being of the cattle—it is not a part of his work. The cowboy, literally, is a "brander" who rounds up the cattle and brands them with the ranch owner's brand and then turns them back into the unrestricted life of the open prairie. If I were to ask your lad this morning about a cowboy, he'd tell you what a cowboy is! He knows all about cowboys! He knows how well they can shoot and how quick they are on the trigger; he knows how well they can ride! He'll tell you how the good one always wins out in the end and the bad one always gets killed—he'll tell you all about cowboys, that boy of yours! It's rather pitiful that most of what he knows about the cowboy isn't true! That's the pitiful part of it! Do you know that the honest, true cowboy never carries a gun? The real cowboy, who performs the mission of being a cowboy, is always unarmed! And it's rather pitiful that we're giving a sort of a distorted idea linking up cowboys with bandits and racketeers and shooting and killing, for that isn't the temperament of the cowboy at all! The real cowboy, who's riding the trails and the prairies right now in our Southwest, is never a killer—never! He never even carries a gun! He's a true "cowboy"! But where do we link it up with shepherds?

What do we know about shepherds? Most of us who live in cities don't know very much about shepherds, but there is a romanticism attached to being a shepherd that appeals to all of our hearts because of what the true shepherd is. Oh, I wish I had an hour this morning, and your patience, that we could really wend our way into the heart of a shepherd—a true shepherd! That's why I've always used the word "pastor" in connection with this church. I've never been the "minister" of this church! And you will not see the word "minister" with my name on any literature of this church! Minister is the Latin word which literally means "low serving." That's what the literal meaning of the word "minister" is, and we've never used it. I like what our Roman Catholic friends use best, and our Lutheran friends. I like that best. They always call their spiritual leaders a "pastor." A pastor. One of the most gracious and loveliest I ever knew was dear old Pastor John, whom I knew and loved. And when I stood, not too long ago, in the pulpit of the Home for the Aged, which Pastor John founded and established, and spoke at the anniversary of the founding of that home, I could just see the lovely, gracious personality of the great Pastor John of St. Paul's! That was the nearest and the most accurate description that he could wear, as it is of every true spiritual leader: pastor! Do you know what that means? Minister means "low serving man"; pastor means "shepherd"! That was the ideal of the true spiritual leader—being a "pastor," a "shepherd"! And the analogies are so many! The great psalm which we heard: "The Lord is my shepherd"—full of the personal pronoun—full of it! It's a psalm you have to say yourself! Don't listen to it; say it:

The Lord is MY shepherd, I shall

not want; HE maketh ME, ME, to lie down in green pastures; HE leadeth ME beside the still waters; HE restoreth MY soul; even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; THY rod and THY staff, they comfort ME. That's being a shepherd! And the shepherd knows every one of his sheep!

A cowboy can't possibly know the cattle, but a shepherd knows the sheep, and he loves them and he'll go out of his way to find one when it's lost! And there's something else about a shepherd that we must not forget: a shepherd never "drives" sheep! The true shepherd doesn't drive sheep! You know the shepherd's crook? The Bishops of the church carry it—a long stick with a crooked end called the Staff of the Bishop. You know why he carries it? Because the shepherds would use it to put around the sheep's neck and work him along when he didn't want to go! The shepherd's crook! Is it any wonder that the greatest shepherd humanity has ever known said of Himself: "I am the Good Shepherd. I know My sheep and am known of Mine. There are other sheep which are not of this fold. I would gather them all together into one fold—one shepherd and one fold! I am the Good Shepherd!" Does the world need anything more today?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR THE BAZAAR?

Only six weeks left from the first of October to Bazaar time, November 13-14.

Have you sent in your contribution to Dr. Bradley at the Church Office?

Have you gotten in touch with your club president to find out what you can do to help?

Have you contacted your neighborhood dealers for a contribution?

Every member and friend of the church is needed to help in this all-out biggest effort of the year.

Everything salable from candy to Oriental rugs is acceptable. Call the church office if you are unable to deliver your gift. LOngbeach 1-6878.

ARE YOU EDUCATED?

THE distinguished writer, Arthur Guiterman, says in his book on education, "For education is Making Men; so is it now, so was it when Mark Hopkins sat on one end of a log and James Garfield sat on the other." I am sure many of you will recall these familiar lines. Mark Hopkins was one of the most distinguished of all the educators in the whole history of American education. He was born in 1802 and died on the 17th

of June, 1887. He is inscribed in the Hall of Fame and was connected with Williams College for 57 years. He, with other famous educators, has established himself high in the annals of American education. If we are to accept the purpose of education as "Making Men," is it not time that we re-think this whole matter of education in the United States? Every year the age of those who get into difficulty and trouble is lowered, and I don't know an important educator in this country who is not concerned—and most of them are greatly worried about the whole situation.

We have boasted so long about the "little red school house," and have talked about a free education for every child in this country who desires it. We have felt a certain security and satisfaction, if not smugness about our whole educational situation, and now we are beginning to see that all is not well. Knowledge is one thing, and that is what the world has. Education is quite another and that is where we are at fault in our thinking. A person and a nation may have great knowledge and yet fail to meet the highest ideal of what constitutes being educated. We all know people who have a tremendous amount of knowledge but who are not able to integrate themselves effectively into the society of which they are a part, and who make little or no contribution to the well-being of that society. Knowledge is a *part* of education, of course, but that knowledge *alone* is education is something else again. Knowledge is knowing things, but being truly educated is the achievement of translating into action and into effective living the knowledge which one might possess. The educators of the nation are emphasizing this distinction today as never before.

Our whole educational technique has been based upon the idea of imparting knowledge. We have taught youngsters how to conjugate the verb "amo" without putting into practice the principles of love and good will. We have taught them how to raise A plus B to the fifth power without teaching them how to cooperate in the equations of society and thereby raise society to higher levels. We have taught them in science that two parts of hydrogen and one part oxygen are water, but we have failed tragically in making them see that there is a well of water from which, if one drink, he *shall not* thirst again. We are beginning to see now that it is truly a part of the educational process that the values of life and the quality of life should be taught and encouraged quite as much as the structure of life and the quantity of life. Education has been defective in not being qualitative; it has not been defective in being quantitative. We are beginning to understand that a person's education begins with the first breath of life and is never finished until the last breath leaves the body. We are beginning to see in the light of the present world condition that being educated means that the whole personality, not only the intellect but the will, must also be a part of the process. There is many an educated person so-called, in the penitentiary, but he is not truly educated. He may have a lot of knowledge about this and that and the other, but he is not an educated personality. The truly educated individual is one who is ever alert and sensitive to the great values of life. The educated person is the integrated person; the person who is in command of himself, all of his faculties, and one who recognizes that he is an integral part of the larger society and therefore, if that larger

society is to be fine and splendid, he first must be, as an individual, all that he expects the society to be. Every teacher is more important as a personality in her influence over a child than is anything she teaches. What a child hears at his own table in his own home is as much a part of his education as anything that child learns in a class room. Education is a lifelong process—a twelve-month's job and a twenty-four hour activity.

BOOK CHATS

TO my amazement, I have discovered that archaeological books can be very interesting to the ordinary layman. In fact, if I continue to read them I can imagine myself getting hold of a good strong shovel, pick-axe, and a few other needed implements and starting out on a digging expedition somewhere in Illinois.

First of all, our readers will remember my remarks about Thor Heyerdahl's Easter Island. That book to me was extremely interesting. Now I am engrossed with *The Bible Was My Treasure Map* by Paul Ilton, containing the account of his archaeological adventures in the Holy Land. (Published by Messner September 29th; $5.00.)

Paul Ilton was foreign correspondent, first in Cairo and then in Jerusalem, for the *Berliner Tageblatt*. He became a free-lance archaeologist. It was 1925 when he made his first positive step toward tracking down the stories of the Bible with a pick and shovel. In speaking of his personal obsession he states that the earth is fairly bulging with artifacts and relics of past civilizations waiting to be brought into the light, where they can provide us with the keys to many puzzling mysteries; and the more we unearth, the more we see how ancient civilizations have had a subtle but unmistakable impress and bearing upon our lives today.

Ilton met Sir William Matthew Flinders Petrie, at that time the world's outstanding archaeologist. Petrie told Ilton there was only one way to begin, if one wanted to become an archaeologist: "Study the Bible until you know it as intimately as the back of your hand. Read it in its most ancient versions, the Hebrew and the Aramaic. Then learn hieroglyphics. Study cuneiform and the geological formations. Then, if you are ready, and only if you are ready, dig . . . The first requisite is patience. What has been buried for thousands upon thousands of years can wait a few more years to be uncovered."

Ilton became a private pupil of Petrie, going to his study three times a week. He had studied Arabic before starting for the East. This was an invaluable aid to him. Knowing another's language, even imperfectly, helps to form a path of understanding and friendship, and Ilton was to find his knowledge of Arabic exceedingly helpful in some of the difficult circumstances in which he found himself.

He became a dedicated soul; for from his youth he had felt an insatiable desire to study the past. All through

the book, at every archaeological find he identifies it with some verse in the Bible.

A particularly valuable find of Ilton's was the golden locust, which had been made and worshipped in the time of the Prophet Samuel. Many photographs have been taken of the locust and it has received notice in several archaeological books and monographs dealing with the Biblical period. It was on display for six months in Israel's exhibition of the history of Biblical Israel at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

Ilton unearthed also a magnificent necklace that may have belonged to one of Solomon's wives. It was discovered in Ain Shems and is the only piece of jewelry ever unearthed from the period of Solomon. His finds were often in burial tombs, in small vases filled with hardened earth.

A great deal of Ilton's work was made successful through his mingling and talking with the common people, from whom he gained information that led to many of his successes. Quite often the tracking down of an archaeological find would prove as exciting as a Sherlock Holmes story.

Certainly it would seem that luck sometimes played into Ilton's hands, as when, in tracking down a clew furnished by a look at a figurine in the hands of another archaeologist, Ilton having noted the color of soil attached to the figurine, he asked natives where the best oranges grew. Taking a bus for the particular territory, after traveling some five miles, the bus broke down. Two little girls from nearby huts came over in curiosity and in the hands of one of them Ilton saw a "doll" which was a duplicate of the figurine his friend had exhibited. Getting the farmer to tell him the exact spot where he had unearthed this broken doll, he and the farmer did some digging there, and the result was rewarding—a solar boat from the time of the patriarch Jacob, buried in the ground of Canaan. This was more definite proof of ancient Egypt's presence and influence in Canaan than the Museum had been able to establish.

In the village of Kufr el-Cana, after digging and tunnelling at the side of an old home on the market place, near the town well (a home which had in its foundation slabs typical of the Roman era in the Palestine of two thousand years ago), Ilton unearthed from a small chamber storeroom, an ossuary, or receptacle for the bones of the dead. Under a thick layer of dust he found two glass cups and a large glass dish in perfect condition, and of such perfection in glass-making as he had seldom seen. Never before had there been such a discovery in Cana. The cups were of the time of Christ and from the town he had visited.

The description of the digging on the southern slope of the Mount of Olives, and of finally entering one of the tomb caves, the discovery of the remains of sandals typical of the footwear of the people of Jerusalem durthe Roman occupation, dating the tomb as at least 1900 years old, made one feel he was inside this cave with Ilton, seeing what he saw. A skull was found and two large gold earrings of magnificent composition and design, Roman-Etruscan, of the first century A.D.

When Ilton was first a student under Sir Petrie, and later, when Sir Petrie felt that Ilton was ready to dig, he had urged him to accept the invitation of Dr. Hamilton of the Institute of Oriental Research to accompany his expedition. It was after this training

that Dr. Ilton worked on his own. The treasures that he had personally excavated during his twenty-five years in the Holy Land make up one of the largest private collections of its kind in the world. It is a fabulous collection. Mr. Ilton died in January of 1958. He was internationally known as archaeologist, lecturer, teacher, film consultant and author.

Early in his career an Arab told Ilton he was destined for this work, and as one reads of the sixth sense he seemed to have in obtaining and following leads of his unusual intuition, it almost can be believed that he found and followed his true destiny.

The story which his friend Father Fleurant read to him from the parchment pages in Latin script, a chronicle from the year 1427, which Father Fleurant seemed to feel bore out the story unearthed in the tomb at the Mount of Olives, is a very interesting legend told to the ancient writer by Christian pilgrims who had visited the Christian shrines of the Holy Land in the time of Christ.

Ilton says of this story: "So ends the story of Ragah, modernized and with fictional dialogue and atmosphere, but basically unchanged. As a scientist who should respect the laws of probabilities, it seems unlikely to me that the earrings found in the cave in Ge-Hinnom were those of the girl who danced for Pilate and loved a Hebrew named Nahum and died at her eunuch's hand. But Ragah's story, though probably apochryphal, and none too distinctive as a work of art, is more revealing as folklore or legend than most others I have heard or read of the time of Christ and Pilate. I thought the reader of this book, reading it in that spirit, would find the tale of interest."

In the final chapter of the book, Munim again comes into the picture. Munim was the one who inspired Ilton to devote his life to archaeology. He had sent a clipping to Ilton about an Abyssinian farmer who claimed to have seen and spoken to the Prophet Enoch. In this chapter we are taken into the world of the simple faith of children, untouched by the outer world as we know it. We spend a night in a small chapel as Coptic monks pray and wait for God to select the one who is to be their leader, It is an experience such as no reader will have had and it is an interesting experience.

The Bible Was My Treasure Map contains many photographs of the treasures unearthed by Ilton, and to those of us who are not archaeologists the book is a real adventure story.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

WITH my fingers hesitating over the typewriter keyboard, I sat wondering what might be of interest to my very kind readers this chilly September morning. But do you know, there are so many club-opening

matters pressing on my thinking, that I simply cannot think about anything else, especially our dinner on Oct. 10th.

There is the opening luncheon of the Woman's Club at the Belmont Hotel, with a lovely program. May Harrison called up this very morning to ask me how large the tables were, for she already had eight reservations for her own table and expected more. That luncheon will have been held by the time you read this. The women of the church always look forward to it, because it is a sort of homecoming day. We have been separated and many have been out of town visiting, vacationing, or perhaps have been in town but very busy with out-of-town relatives and friends who have been visiting Chicago, so we haven't seen much of each other. Both members and friends of the club and the church always rally in large numbers to this opening luncheon.

* * *

This year the Professional and Business Woman's club is varying its opening dinner by sponsoring a Family Dinner Night for the entire church membership and for friends of the church. Our church has a great many radio members and friends who welcome an opportunity to meet with the church family, though they may find it impossible because of distance or other valid reasons to get out to church on Sunday. These church dinners give them an opportunity to meet Dr. Bradley in person and to become acquainted with more of the church family.

Ella Jenkins, a TV artist and teacher and specialist in rhythms, is to be the guest artist at this opening church dinner, sponsored by the P. & B. W. Club. Miss Jenkins was born in St. Louis, grew up in Chicago and was educated on the West Coast, graduating from the San Francisco State College.

Out on the West Coast she lived at the Jewish Residence Club for two years, was exposed to people from various cultures, especially the West Indies and South America, and she became interested in their music and tried to repeat much of it that she heard, interpreting it in rhythms of her own. At first someone gave her a Chinese Tom-tom and she began tapping out rhythms on it. Because some people are inhibited about singing, and yet because people get great joy out of singing together, Ella Jenkins began making up sounds to imply the moods of the music of Latin America and other countries. From this beginning groups would go into regular songs.

The Liberian Consul, William H. Jones, and his wife, went to Africa for the Liberian inauguration two or three years ago and brought back a beautiful Liberian drum to Miss Jenkins. Other people added to her collection, until she now has two drums from Liberia, West Africa, two from Kenya, East Africa, a Chinese Tom-tom, an Indian Tom-tom which she received when she attended an American Indian powwow, a Cuban or Conga drum and a Mexican or Bongo drum.

I asked Miss Jenkins which drums she liked best to use in her entertaining and rhythm chanting and she said the Conga and the Bongo. She entertained us at the dinner at the Shoreland Hotel, given for the members of the World Congress of Religious Liberals in August. Many of our members were in attendance at the Congress on various days, especially the Tuesday All-Congress Luncheon where Dr. Bradley gave the main address. At the dinner at the Shoreland I heard Miss Jenkins for the first time. As her fingers tapped out rhythms on her

drum many of us commented on the facility with which her fingers "loved the instrument." She not only chanted to her tapping, but called for responses from the audience and as one voice the hundreds of diners responded.

Miss Jenkins quite evidently loves people and they in turn love her. When she left the platform there were lusty calls for "more—more."

This young artist directs workshops in rhythm, showing young people and adults how they can blend many instruments into interesting rhythms together. She has taught at the Old Town School of Folk Music, at Boys' Clubs, YWCA's and YMCA's; summer camps in Vermont and many camps in Michigan. She loves to work on rhythms for international understanding with young people and did a program at a Y'teen Conference in Peoria. She believes that using sounds as a basis to start, more people can be encouraged to sing together in groups, both 'teenagers and adults.

This opening dinner for all the members and friends of the church will be held in Anderson Hall, Friday evening, October 10th, at 6:30 o'clock. The dinner will be served by caterers. We want it to be a dinner you can all enjoy—not one where some of our women work all day in the kitchen and then half the evening waiting on tables; a dinner where everyone can spend the entire evening together, enjoying entertainment together and then greeting Dr. Bradley at this first dinner of the season. After the entertainment by Ella Jenkins, Dr. Bradley will address us and we will have a social evening together. We will have a delicious dinner, with roast beef and chicken and many, many extras. $2.60 is the price of the dinner, unless we should have under 100 people, so get your reservations in early, as reservations must be sent in to the church office and reservations must close by Wednesday, the 8th. Children's dinners will be $1.75.

* * *

The President's Dinner Party at the Bennetts' home will be the Homecoming Event for the choir members. This too, will have taken place by the time you read this article; their dinner being planned for the 15th of September, the day after Dr. Bradley's opening service. A get-together at the home of our very hospitable and genial Choir Director, Mr. Frank Bennett and his charming wife, our Organist, Mrs. Cathryn Bennett, is always an event to which the choir members look forward with pleasant anticipation. Reports of the summer get-together at the Bennetts' summer home in Michigan were most enthusiastic.

* * *

The Men's Club will have held their opening meeting on Tuesday evening, September 30th, a meeting for men only, at which Frank and Cathryn Bennett will provide the musical features of the evening and Dr. Bradley will be the guest speaker.

On Tuesday evening, October 28th, the Men's Club will have a Ladies Night. Their speaker will be the Reverend Louis R. King, Chaplain of the House of Correction. Rev. King was formerly a musician in the orchestra of Vincent Lopez. His subject will be "Is This a Christian America?". Ladies night is always an enjoyable evening at the Men's Club.

* * *

The Uptown Temple Club (single adults) held a Bowling Night September 12th, and on Sunday evening, September 21st, had their first supper meeting in Anderson Hall.

* * *

Now we dip into the Mail Bag.

Dear Doctor Bradley:

On behalf of the Engineering Societies' Council of the University of Illinois, Chicago Undergraduate Division at Navy Pier, I want to thank you for the wonderful talk you gave Friday at the Engineering Council dinner.

We sincerely hope that you enjoyed our Awards Presentation and the Bell-Ringing Ceremony. We were all honored by your presence and hope that we will have the pleasure of having you as our guest speaker again.

Respectfully yours,
Henry A. Setton, Sponsor.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Thank you so very much for helping us, as a Congregation, to honor Dr. and Mrs. Singer this past week-end. All of us here at Mizpah are still glowing with happiness and delight because of the beautiful service and the fine testimonial dinner. Your being with us, and your participation, added so much to the inspiration and joy of this occasion.

On behalf of the committee, and for the Congregation, and for myself personally, I thank you for sharing this joyous occasion with us.

Sincerely yours,
Temple Mizpah,
Joseph Buchler, Rabbi.

* * *

Dear Preston:

Belated thanks to you for your warm greeting when we dedicated our new church on our 125th Anniversary. It was a happy time for us all, and we are grateful to you for helping make it so.

If and when you should travel in this direction, we do hope that you will stop in to visit with us. Needless to say, we hope you will bring along one of your good sermons to preach from our pulpit.

Cordially,
Albert D'Orlando, Minister,
The First Unitarian Church,
New Orleans, La.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

We hope you like the enclosed photo which we think shows the spark, personality, verve and enthusiasm you transmitted to our members and guests when you addressed them in our Club Quarters at the Hotel Sherman.

Thank you and with all best wishes,
Cordially,
Louise K. Buell, Executive Manager,
Bakers Club of Chicago.

* * *

The following little verse was sent in by our dear friend, Mrs. Nellie Spence, of Decatur, Illinois:

Anyone can carry his burden, however heavy,
until nightfall;
Anyone can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly
and purely until the sun goes down;
And this is all that life ever means to us—
just one little day.
We cannot see beyond.

* * *

And then, from Corinna Robbins, we received the following:

A LITTLE WHISPER

Not alone we walk, when
Sorrow strikes the heart, for
Deep within us, God is a great part.
He comforts us through blessings in disguise,
Lovingly relieves our pain and strife, and
To our immortal souls, brings—
Peace and rest overnight.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Your talk was a very real inspiration to our membership. It is a pleasure to have had your participation in our program series.

I am sorry you got away before I had the opportunity to ask you if you

remembered Ruth Bryan Owen—who was a very good friend. She, too, was in San Francisco for the U. N. Charter.

We hope you can be with us again very soon. Meantime please accept my sincere thanks for a wonderful lecture.

Sincerely,
Mary F. Buck, Manager,
Women's City Club of Detroit.

* * *

From Ontario, Canada:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It was a great pleasure having you with us and I trust that you had a safe and uneventful journey on the way home.

It was a great deal of satisfaction and personal pride to me to have made your genial acquaintance in the short time that we had to spend together. When I returned to the hotel after leaving you at the station, I had dozens of kindly remarks about your wonderful address. Rest assured your message left a terrific impact on your listeners.

I am enclosing the cuttings from the newspaper which I felt would be of interest to you, and would like to state again how much I appreciated having had the opportunity of contributing some small favour to one of the world's great men.

Looking forward to that side trip to Norwich, and with kindest personal regards,

Sincerely yours,
C. D. McKay, Realtor.

* * *

A quotation from a letter:

"I so enjoy your Sunday morning programs, 'Words and Music.' You have some of the finest thoughts in your 'Words.' I wish I might have some of them."

* * *

Many of our readers know the story of Mr. Elgar Brown, star reporter for the Chicago American, whose courageous story of his "living with cancer" ran in that newspaper. Dr. Bradley returned from Lake Vermilion to the sad task of holding the funeral service for Mr. Brown on September 11th. At the service was Mr. Maurice Goldblatt who founded the great cancer research foundation known as the Goldblatt Foundation. The following letter was received by Dr. Bradley on September 13th:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It has been my sad duty on numerous occasions to attend services such as I did yesterday for Elgar Brown.

The story of Mr. Brown's life is one of great courage, fortitude and understanding. He gave of himself unselfishly above and beyond the practice of his profession.

The service yesterday is one that I will always remember. Your magnificent eulogy about Mr. Brown touched the hearts of all of us and I shall never forget your words as long as I live.

I deeply appreciate your kind words about the Goldblatt Foundation. It made me realize more fully that the job ahead is a tremendous one. Although great progress has been made in research, much remains to be done. It is difficult to understand at times that with the knowledge and methods of treating this dread disease available to the scientists today, that a life such as Mr. Brown's could not have been spared. However, I know that with courage and perseverance we will win the fight.

With kindest personal regards and all good wishes for your continued good health so that you may carry on your wonderful work for many years to come.

Sincerely,
Maurice Goldblatt.

* * *

From Moretown, Vermont, came the following letter from Dr. Leslie Pennington, Minister of the First Unitarian Church of Chicago, who was one of the chairmen of the Hospitality Committee for the International Congress of Religion held here at the University of Chicago.

Dear Preston:

As Co-Chairman of the Chicago Hospitality Committee I want you and your people to know how much we appreciate all that you did to make the Congress such a great success. We are particularly happy that the delegates had the opportunity to visit your church on the Thursday Tour.

To you personally we are grateful for your invitation to Mayor Daley to become a Chicago Sponsor and for arranging with the Gray Lines to provide buses for the Saturday and Thursday tours at one-half of the usual rate.

Several of the women of your church were very generous in helping with the hospitality at Ida Noyes Hall. And Mr. Kraft handled the matter of Fraternal Delegates for us.

Stewart Carter tells me that we far out-matched the hospitality at the Belfast Congress three years ago. That is high praise indeed. I remember with such warm appreciation how we were received at that time. Credit for this belongs to all of our several churches who responded so generously.

With warm personal regards and every good wish for a happy and prosperous church year.

Ever sincerely,

Leslie.

* * *

KEEP ON THE BEAM

I HELPED TO KILL MY CHURCH!

I helped to kill my church!
I stayed away! Had I stayed away from home, I had killed that; had I neglected my business as thoroughly, I had killed that, and had no business. My lack of interest made other people uninterested.
I helped to kill my church, I stayed away!

I helped to kill my church!
I starved it. I was a poor provider. Time was when I contributed a little to it; but when I quit attending, I quit paying.

I helped to kill my church, I starved it!
I helped to kill my church!
I quit praying for it. At some time or other I quit praying and when I quit praying I became an ecclesiasticide through spiritual suicide.
I helped to kill my church; I stopped praying for it.

I HELPED MY CHURCH TO LIVE!

I was there!
My presence helped. I was one more. When I joined the church I promised to be there. I didn't join to stay away from it. I was there!

I helped my church to live!
I paid my way. I did not let others pay my way any more than I permit them to buy my hat, feed my children, or pay my taxes. I paid my way!

I helped my church to live!
I prayed for my church. I wanted every blessing and grace and health and power for my church. I prayed for her as naturally, as normally, as I do for my dearest ones. I helped my church to live, for I prayed for it!

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Choir Rehearsals—Every Sunday. New members welcomed..... 9:30 a.m.

Junior Church—Virgil A. Kraft, Director, Religious Education.....10:00 a.m.
Parents are invited to accompany their children. A complete Junior Church curriculum will be announced in the immediate future.

Sunday morning service (broadcast by WLS).....11:00 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club (single adults) 1st and 3rd Sundays, Anderson Hall..... 5:00 p.m.

Sunday Evening Service (Re-opens November 2, 1958)..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Reviews (the four Wednesdays in January, 1959)... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club, Tuesday, Oct. 14th, Book Review by Florence Burke Ellis. Business meeting, 11 a.m., luncheon at 12:30; Program..... 1:30 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club: Opening Dinner: In Anderson Hall for the Church members and friends of the church. Dr. Bradley's Homecoming Dinner. Roast beef and Chicken and all the trimmings. Guest Artist, Ella Jenkins, Rhythm Entertainer, with Bongo and Conga drums. Make reservations with church office by Wed., Oct. 8th. $2.60. Children, $1.75.....6:30 p.m.

Men's Club: Tuesday, Oct. 28th, Open meeting (ladies invited). Guest speaker, Rev. Louis R. King, Chaplain, House of Correction. (Formerly a musician in Vincent Lopez' Orchestra.) His subject: "Is This a Christian America?"... 8:00 p.m.

Couples Club meets 1st Tuesday in Anderson Hall, Folk Dance..... 7:30 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule
Every Sunday

WLS—Morning Church Service Broadcast direct from church pulpit.....11:00 a.m.

WCFL—Dr. Bradley's Vesper Broadcast..... 5:45 p.m.

WSEL (FM)—Rebroadcast of Morning Service..... 9:30 p.m.

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In Memoriam

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